LET'S GO

TRAIN

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Dally Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.

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VOLUME 60......NO. 21,156

### **POWERLESS?**

#### FACT:

The infant mortality in New York City is greater for Julys of this year than during either of the two previous years.

#### REASON:

"The consumption of milk in this city is 2,000,000 quarts per day, and 700,000 quarts of this total go to the homes of the city. The falling off of milk consumption this year was at least 71,000 quarts. This means persons have been doing without milk in homes where there is little money to buy life's necessities. The hotels naturally would continue to buy milk at any price.

"As a result of this 10 per cent. decrease in home consumption of milk, investigation shows, substitutes have been in use and mothers have given their children such things as tea, coffee and cambric tea. Consequently the infant death rate has gone up with a jump and the outlook is very discouraging."-Health Commissioner Copeland.

#### OUESTION: Are the 5,500,000 people of this city and the 11,000,000 people of the State powerless to effect changes in the present methods of distributing milk which, without discouraging production or leaving less than a reasonable supply for by-products, would permit the bringing of adequate quantities of milk into the city at fair prices to the

Must present wasteful, costly, over-multiplied means of handling milk go on perennially interposing between producer and consumer an incurmountable barrier of middleman's profit?

With all its enlightenment, all its resources, all its power, must this great community confess the milk problem too much for it and sit supinely on while babies die?

### THE WASHINGTON RIOTS.

HE people of the United States have had riot and bloodshed enough in their own capital to distract them from pitying confemplation of disorder in the capitals of Europe.

These riots in Washington have been the uglier in that they have involved neither Reds nor Spartacans, but Americans of a race that has just proved its loyalty on the battlefields of the great war and won high honors for itself in the service of the Nation.

The first duty in the District of Columbia is to restore order there. But the country misses the meaning of what has happened unless it realize more than ever the inconsistency of an America that preaches liberty and law abroad while at home it fulls to give the colored man the same protention it gives the white man under the laws of the United States.

The Washington riots should prove sufficient to shake Americans out of any smug complacency and comescension that may be creeping

### WHERE IT BELONGS.

Court at New Haven, Conn., rules

inw has been vested in the President after certain fixed conditions shall have happened. Those conditions are within the power of Congress to describe and to define. It follows that the courts have no right to interfere with the exercise of this discretion by Congress or to attempt to say that different conditions shall have been imposed."

This is exactly where the President left the matter in his message to Congress of May 20 last. In that message he pointed out that demobilization (the condition which Congress had itself prescribed as the termination of War-Time Prohibition) had then "progressed it at the proper place. All the good to such a point that it seems entirely safe to remove the ban upon it had done Mr. Jarr when he threatthe manufacture and sales of wine and beers."

It was for Congress to use its discretion in further defining the conditions. Congress did not choose to do so. Therefore Congress and Congress alone is responsible for the present anomaly of War-Time Prohibition. The ruling of the Federal Court only fixes the blame yet more definitely where it belongs.

#### HOW DOES **SQUARE WITH**

THIS "Who is profiteering?" Mr. John Slater, Chairman of Committee on Resolutions. New York State Retail Shoe Dealers' Association, was asked.

"The retail dealers, the wholesalers, the manufacturers and the fanners are positively not profiteering." Mr. Slater answered. "The retailers in normal times figured on 30 to 40 per cent. profit. Some, not many, whose risks are greater than others have been compelled to allow themselves at present a 50 per cent, margin for profit. The wholesalers, manufacturers and tanners are figuring on no higher per cent. of profit than they earned before the war. The increased cost of hides and increased wages to employees is the rockbottom

cause of high shoe prices." "What will be the cost next fall of a pair of shoes which now costs the public \$12?" Mr. Slater was asked.

"Anywhere from \$16 to \$20, and the same ratio of increase will apply to all grades of footwear," was the answer,

THIS? Prosperity in the leather trade is indicated in the quarterly statement of the Central Leather Company, just made public.

In the three months ended June 30 the corporation find a set income from operations of 15,798,832, after allowing for the payment of Federal taxes. This was an increase of \$2,125,911 over the corresponding quarter last year, or 57 per cent.

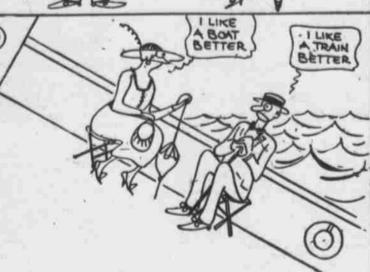
Outside income was \$243,668. and a balance of \$4,239,345 was left after interest had been paid on the funded debt. The part of this available for common stock dividends was equal to \$9.21 a share, compared with \$3.85 in

the June quarter of 1918. In the six months ended June 30, examination of the quarterly report shows, the net operating income was \$9,495,622, a gain of \$3,203,098, or 50 per cent. over the result in the initial half of last year.

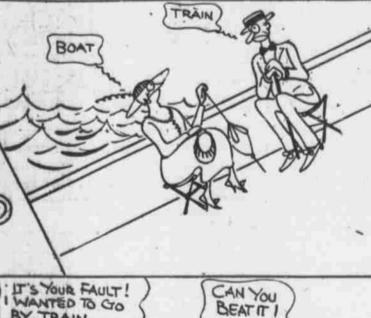
The surplus for the six months was \$4,194,277 after paying divi-

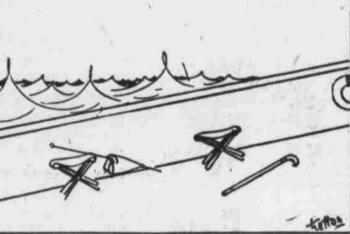
# Can You Beat It? AND YOUR By Maurice Ketten





WE'LL'GO BY BOAT







# How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 64-BALBOA, Discoverer of the Pacific.



was a down-at-heel soldier of fortune a man of high ancestry and low finances. His name was Vasco Nunes de Balboa. His native land of Spain offered him as chances to make good. America had just been discovered. The lure of the New World was strong upon young Balbos. He took ship for the West Indies in 1501. Here, too, fortune dodged him. Other and less talented men all around him were growing abulously.

Balboa remained poor. Indeed, he plunged des He had no grit for amassing wealth. But he had a genius for xploration, and it was in that line that he planned to make good.

There was a wonderful opportunity everywhere for the explorer whe and courage as well as brains. For only a few tiny spots of the Americas and thus far been discovered. The rest was trackless wilderness. No one knew what lay in the interior—and all manner of weird tales were told of the unbroken miles of inland territory. No one knew what lay to the west of new-discovered Panama or how narrow the isthmus was.

If the ground were fruitful for exploration it was equally perilous. But Balboa was a stranger to fear, and he waited his

An expedition was outfitted and captained by one Encisco in 1510 to reinforce a new colony that had settled at San Sebastian. The day after the expedition sailed there was an overhauling of the cargo. big cask was found whose presence could not be accounted for. Encisce

ordered the head of the cask to be knocked in. This was done. Out sprang The stowaway was Balboa. Failing to get leave to join the expedition e had chosen this way of coming along and, incidentally, of getting away

In spite of himself, Encisco was obliged to enroll the new recruit in his party. When the ship reached San Sebastian no trace remained of the colony there. It had been destroyed. Encisco was for returning to port. Balboa begged him to sail on to Darien and start a colony there. It was

Balboa's first taste of real exploration, and he did not want to turn back: it was an opportunity to make good, and he grasped it. Encisco followed the stowaway's advice. They sailed to Darien. There Balbon succeeded in deposing Encisco and making himself ruler of the new settlement. Encisco hustled back to Spain with a complaint against. his supplanter. Balboa proceeded to build up his colony and to make good

alliances with the surrounding Indians. From these Indians he heard rumors of a great ocean to westward, and

Commandeered

his love for exploring was stirred into new life. With band of Spaniards and Indians he set forth through the wilderness. After a hazardous and weariso journey through the trackless jungles and hills h came out, at the end of three weeks, on the summit of a mountain wall.

Below him glittered the vast stretches of the Pacific. He was the first thite man to set eyes on the mightiest of oceans. He had discovered the Pacific. He had made good. Balboa hurried down to the beach. Theree he waded knee-deep into the ocean and, with drawn sword, took formal ossession of it in the name of the King of Spain.

This was on Sept. 29, 1513. Planting the banner of Spain on he knelt in prayer of gratitude for his wonderful discovery.

Yes, Balboa had made good. But it was to profit him little except to give him immortal fame, for in the zenith of his greatness he was arrested was tried on a trumped-up treason charge and was beheaded.

# The Jarr Family

DECLARING the War-Time Prohibition Act constitutional, Hark, in the Park Is the Lark! But Master Willie Pederal Judge Chatfield, sitting in the Constitutional Jarr Has Confiscated All Else Animate. Jarr Has Confiscated All Else Animate.

> ever!" growled Mr. Jarr as trip of a glum outing? I know we'll the trolley car stopped at the street

It was not the street corner their car should have stopped at-that street corner was two blocks below. and the car had bowled past it despite perhaps ivy-poisoned and surely sunevery effort of the Jarr family to get ened to report the matter was to be advised to keep his shirt on, as the system was in the hands of a receiver who received anything but complaints. "Yes, that's the way it is these

days!" sighed Mrs. Jarr wearily. "But I'm mighty glad to be even two blocks from home! Willie, carry that pasteboard box under your arm, for the bottom is about to fall out; and pick up the other things and let us get on to left-over lunch, no matter how emthe sidewalk before an automobile or

a wagon runs over us." Jarr. "Maw, can't I take my shoe off?" squirrel, two toads and divers large Your father would insist on your going barefoot in the park in spite of everything I could say, and you got that thorn in your foot and it will be a mercy if you don't get lockjaw or

"Can't we stop at the drug store and get an ice cream soda!" asked the little girl. "An' can't we go see the movin' pictures! I ain't had no ice cream soda and seen no movin' picture for so long."

"You wait till we get home and you get washed and a clean dress put on you!" said Mrs. Jarr. At these words the little girl began

to cry and said her arms hurt her, "I know it's polson by you were picking in the park," declared Mrs. Jarr. "And when school starts you can't go because you're poisoned picking ivy and Willie lamed for life maybe with a thorn! Oh, whe can't we take a real vacation at some nice place, and not have to go to the park like poor people?"

Mr. Jarr was about to ask "What

66 CO we now pay for transfers and "Why didn't we take a taxicab the car service is werse than home?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Why do he could we come back home like the return

> run right into Mrs. Stryver!" Stryver turned the corner with her Stryver. maid and her poodle just as the burdened Mr. Jarr with Mrs. Jarr, leading the limping Master Jarr and the burned little girl, turned it. In fact, the bottom dropped out of the paste board box that Willie Jarr was carry ing just as they bumped into their wealthy neighbor and the remnants | of the park lunch fell on the pavement.

But it wasn't this that caused Mrs Stryver to faint, her French maid to shrick and the Maltese poodle to break away from his leash and run yelping in terror up the avenue.

The cause of all this commotion was not the inanimate articles of barrassing to the Jarrs when thus suddenly displayed. The cause of the "My foot hurts!" sniffled Master excitement was a too trusting park "No, you can't!" cried Mrs. Jarr. grasshoppers, spiders and other insects that Master Jarr had captured in the day's outing and packed in the pasteboard box when he wasn't being watched.

The two toads, red and particularly a mercy if you don't get lockjaw or repuisve, had struck the sidewalk There are unity three rooms. They are Americans. No, they are not suffering. They first and had hopped almost into the arms of Mrs. Stryver; a small land tortoise had fallen with a sickening crash upon his back upon the sidewalk and was making frantic efforts to turn himself over, and a half-dozen grasshoppers and some spiders, too energetic to be counted, had fallen right upon Mrs. Stryver's nervous poodle and at the feet of her still more nervous maid, while the park squirrel, which had a motheaten tail, darted over the sidewalk

right under mistress, maid and poodle. At this instant Master Izzy Slavinsky appeared upon the scene in Boy. Scout uniform and mounted upon a velocipede. At his heels were a flock of youthful residents of the neighbor-

"Look at the animals! Pick up the animals!" cried Master Slavinsky. Mr. Jarr was about to ask "What do you mean, "ike poor people?" but decided not to invite explanations. So he only grouned but otherwise was a silent martyr.

An open book lies on his lap. But his mind is far from it, for he is gar-included in the collar while we ling out over the clothes line and as silent martyr.

The got my velocipede!" screamed his mind is far from it, for he is gar-included in the collar while we ling out over the clothes line and women in our with the knowledge of having helped to lift the load.

# don't you touch my frogs and things

or I'll punch your snoot!" But Mrs. Jarr had grabbed both the and wounds, and was rushing them home, leaving Mr. Jarr to explain if

But, as Mrs. Jarr says, when Uncle Henry dies and leaves them his money, she's going to move to a bet-Mrs. Jarr was a true prophet. Mrs. ter neighborhood and cut even Mrs.

# By Roy L. McCardell The Gav Life of a Commuter

By Rube Towner Or Trailing the Bunch From Paradise

children, irrespective of their burts The F. O. B. Conductor and the Laws of the Medes the Fat Reporter, showed a pink pass and Persians.

HE rules of suburban railways on the interests seem to be based on the laws the railways, just as the other laws of the Medes and Persians-un- give the long end to the Medes and

# Plea for the Shut-in By Sophie Irene Loeb

The Thrill of the Generous Impulse.

THE hot weather is upon us. He great day that laid him low. As he or she who can is running is thinking his thoughts, a lovely lit-



It is good be- that endures for all time beams in youd all meas- every feature of her face.

the making ready in anticipation of a matter of course, and he will go on the vacation period, off somewhere where one desires to go. But, ah me, gentle reader, let me

petiessly clean. The tables and floors have been

scrubbed almost to whiteness. Everywhere you look you can see the signs of rigid economy with which this lit- | they will answer again. tle home has been ruled. At the window looking out into the

prowded back yard, filled with fire- Somewhere, some place, near you, is scapes and clothes lines, sits a a so-called "Shut-in. young man in a chair. At once you realize it is an unusual chafr. It has been made for a pur-

The young man knows well ticuse. the purpose. We need not go into detail. His eyes are bright and keen strong.

It has taken great courage to meet

It has taken great courage to meet He basa firm jaw that has marked

big men-men of achievement. And he has achieved much. Over there, he has played his part, and he is paying the price-a part of the price that belongs to you and me.

away from the heat and turmoll the old lady steals up beside him and of the city to the gently puts her arm about him. cool woods and "Want anything, dearle?" she whis soothing streams. Pers tenderly, and the mother love

ure. This is the Ob, the struggle, the beautiful time when Mother struggle she has made. She sacri-Nature speaks ficed her all to send him forth, this her "various lan- youngest son of her heart and soul, guage." There and there he is. Honorably disis nothing so charged. He wears no insignia, no warms the cockles of one's heart as medals, but he has done his duty as the passengers to step down to the -as a matter of course.

The reward is in his heart and he asks nothing. Neither does the little might as well get your tickets ready. take you for a little while into a mother whose thin fingers show the bome in a very crowded section. results of those whitened floors. They

want no alms. They will go on sav-But what have you and I to do with

It may not be a soldier of war.
There are so many soldiers of peace—soldiers of life—who have made the big fight, who have had their big battle for the bravery to endure. To them has come the comparison of themselves against the well-and-strong.

it, and many of them have come out unscathed and with a spirit that only gaints can understand. To them we owe much—the word of approval, the little bouquet, the glass of jelly, the sweetmeat, the pretty cushion, the

changeable, immutable and irrevoc- Persians.

One of the rules on the Paradise Line is that all passengers must show their tickets twice on the trip-once when the conductor comes to punch out the wrong number and-once after leaving Midway, just to show that the passenger is not profiteering back. The second call for tickets usually

comes when the commuter is down in the middle of a newspaper column reading the declaration of a sagebrush Senator that he "will never lay down his arms - never! never! NEVER!" or when the homewardbound commuter, who has tarried too long in a 2.75 anti-Anderson resort with the 97.25 stuff, has converted two seats into Lower 7 and turned in, giv-

ing a correct imitation of a pretzel. But whatever the commuter may be doing, when the second call is heard. "Show all tickets, please!" a wave of resentment sweeps over the car as strong as if a policeman had asked Central Office and be "mugged."

"Faithful Old Bill is running the rain this morning," said Doc, "so you This 'You know me, Al,' stuff won't go with Old Bill. All trips on this line when he is conducting are 'personally conducted by Bill himself; are not objects of charity. They the first time around he says 'Good morning' to everybody, but the second ing and scrimping and doing the best time everybody is a perfect stranger. they can until the call comes and Rules are rules and he is here to inforce them-Article X. and the Shantung concession and the Monroe Docthem? Oh, so much, gentle reader, trine and everything. Why, if Old Bill was transferred to an army transport he'd make President Wilson show his ticket a dozen times between here and Brest."

Whereupon Doc flashed a pink ricket he had bought for the midsummer event of the Paradise Kill-Kare Dancing Club and didn't use, and Old

streams without a pang of remorse and with a free conscience. "And where shall I find them?" do sweetmeat, the preity cushion, the you ask. It is so easy. Any condrive in your automobile, the book, gested section, any philanthropic orthe pleasant talk.

La Contact

that entitled him to witness the arrival of the R-3; and Old Bill gave ways do business with a diplomat if you are diplomatic.

A little further down the alsle Old Bill ran up against the outpost of the commuters' Hindenburg line. The thought and was looking out the window at nothing in particular. He paid no attention to "Show your ticket, please," until Old Bill had repeated it.

"What's that?" he asked irritably. "I said 'Show your ticket, please," politely but firmly. "How long have you been running

on this line?" asked the Prominent "Longer than you've been riding on it," said Old Bill pleasantly.

"As a matter of fact, Old Bill bus been running on the Paradise Line almost since the time of President Adams, and has always been faithful

The Prominent Person's pride was touched. He had been riding on this line for months; certainly all the conductors ought to know him by this time and they ought also to know his station-both on the rallroad and in private life. It did not occur to him that he was one of many neutral persons who might ride over the line for ten years and never attract the attention of the man in

the next seat. The train had stopped at a station and Old Bill waited patiently. The Prominent Person made a pretens of looking for his ticket; he took out a mass of letters; some papers that ! looked like legal documents, felt in all his pockets, looked in his ciga-

rette case, and said: "Go on; I'll find it later," "Rules of the road," said Bill;

"hurry up, please, you're holding the

train."

This apparently was exactly what the prominent person was intending to do. Then Old Bill worked his dip-"Don't be foolish," said Bill; "every-

As a matter of fact, everybody was serious and irritated—but it worked.
He immediately produced the ticket from a convenient pocket, flashed to defiantly at Old Bill and stuck it in his hat. Then he glared at the other passengers only to be greeted by a shout of derisive of laughter, and the

train went on.

Thus were the laws of the Medel and Persians enforced and thus faithful Old Bill vindicated.